

The Critic and Good Literature

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by
THE GOOD LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1884.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, by Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Taintor Bro's, Merrill & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store.) Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: A. Brentano & Co. Chicago: Pierce & Snyder, 122 Dearborn Street. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*.

Our "Forty Immortals."

We take pleasure in presenting herewith the names of the 'Forty Immortals' deemed most worthy, by those of our readers who have expressed their opinion on the subject, of membership in a possible American Academy, formed on the same general principle as the famous French literary institution. The names are arranged according to the number of votes received, that of the most popular candidate being placed at the head of the list. The figures at the right of each name indicate the number of votes received:

1. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 130.
2. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 128.
3. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 125.
4. GEORGE BANCROFT, 121.
5. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, 119.
6. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, 118.
7. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, 111.
8. FRANCIS BRET HARTE, 105.
9. EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, 104.
10. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, 102.
11. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, 100.
12. GEORGE W. CABLE, 87.
13. HENRY JAMES, 86.
14. S. L. CLEMENS (Mark Twain), 84.
15. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, 84.
16. HENRY WARD BEECHER, 83.
17. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 82.
18. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, 82.
19. WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, 77.
20. WALT WHITMAN, 76.
21. ASA GRAY, 69.
22. NOAH PORTER, 66.
23. JOHN FISKE, 62.
24. THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, 57.
25. A. BRONSON ALCOTT, 55.
26. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, 55.
27. JOHN BURROUGHS, 52.
28. MARK HOPKINS, 52.
29. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, 49.
30. JOHN G. SAXE, 49.
31. OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, 48.
32. GEORGE P. FISHER, 47.
33. MOSES COIT TYLER, 45.
34. CHARLES A. DANA, 44.
35. DONALD G. MITCHELL, 41.
36. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, 38.
37. EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, 37.
38. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP, 36.
39. W. W. STORY, 36.
40. FRANCIS PARKMAN, 34.

As at least three hundred candidates were voted for, we are enabled to submit the following list, from which substitutes may be chosen, in case any of the above Immortals should find it impossible to serve as members of the pro-

posed Academy. The figures in parentheses indicate the number of votes received: Phillips Brooks (33), George Ticknor Curtis (33), William A. Hammond (32), E. L. Youmans (32), Austin Flint, Jr. (31), James D. Dana (30), John C. Dalton (29), Parke Godwin (28), Henry C. Lea (28), F. Marion Crawford (27), R. W. Gilder (27), Albion Tourgée (27), Edward Eggleston (25), W. W. Goodwin (25), Joaquin Miller (25), J. T. Trowbridge (25), Henry Cabot Lodge (24), Charles Eliot Norton (24), John Bach McMaster (23), Francis J. Child (22), James Parton (21), Joel Chandler Harris (21), W. G. Sumner (31), Joseph Cook (20), Edgar Fawcett (20), John Hay (16), Charles Godfrey Leland (16), Brander Matthews (14), Whitelaw Reid (14), H. H. Bancroft (13), George H. Boker (13), Arthur Sherburne Hardy (13), William Winter (13), Horace E. Scudder (12), Andrew D. White (12), Will Carleton (11), William T. Harris (11), Henry N. Hudson (11), David Swing (11), Charles A. Young (11).

As our readers may be interested in knowing who the other candidates were, we present the names of some of those who received from one to ten votes each, without classifying them otherwise than alphabetically: Charles Francis Adams, Jr., D. Haynes Agnew, W. R. Alger, W. F. Allen, Lyman Abbott, S. Austin Allibone, F. A. P. Barnard, F. S. Baird, Charles Barnard, D. G. Brinton, Prof. Bascom, Francis Brown, Noah Brooks, Borden P. Bowne, Francis Bowen, H. C. Bunner, S. G. W. Benjamin, Cyrus A. Bartol, W. H. Bishop, O. B. Bunce, M. D. Conway, C. P. Cranch, Bartley Campbell, S. S. Cox, Howard Crosby, H. Corson, J. E. Cooke, Bishop Cox, Clarence Cook, J. P. Cooke, Charles de Kay, Prof. Dwight, Prof. Drisler, George E. Ellis, C. W. Eliot, C. C. Everett, H. H. Furness, Henry M. Field, David Dudley Field, Bishop Foster, Sydney Howard Gay, D. C. Gilman, John B. Gough, W. H. Gibson, Wolcott Gibbs, Curtis Guild, Washington Gladden, B. L. Gildersleeve, Robert Grant, Prof. Greenough, Paul Hayne, Bronson Howard, C. Hodge, F. H. Hedge, John Hall, M. W. Hazeltine, M. Halstead, J. R. G. Hassard, R. G. Ingersoll, Rossiter Johnson, Prof. William James, Clarence King, J. F. Kirk, Edward King, John Lord, John Le Conte, Prof. Langley, Benson J. Lossing, Charlton T. Lewis, T. R. Lounsbury, J. P. Lesley, J. P. Leidy, John T. Morse, Elisha Mulford, James Herbert Morse, F. A. March, O. C. Marsh, Steele Mackaye, T. T. Munger, S. Weir Mitchell, Simon Newcomb, R. Heber Newton, Felix L. Oswald, J. W. Powell, Henry C. Potter, Francis Patton, Ray Palmer, A. L. Perry, Austin Phelps, W. C. Prime, A. P. Peabody, T. W. Parsons, F. W. Palfrey, W. F. Poole, W. J. Rolfe, Edward P. Roe, Henry W. Shaw (Josh Billings), E. V. Smalley, Newman Smyth, B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), R. S. Storrs, W. G. T. Shedd, Eugene Schuyler, Julius Seelye, F. J. Stimson, J. B. Stallo, A. R. Spofford, F. R. Stockton, Maurice Thompson, G. A. Townsend, Theodore Tilton, T. De Witt Talmage, Herbert Tuttle, B. F. Taylor, J. H. Vincent, Marvin R. Vincent, William Hayes Ward, Robert C. Winthrop, David A. Wells, Horace White, Lew Wallace, A. H. Welsh, Francis A. Walker, Henry Watterson, A. C. Wheeler, George E. Waring, Jr., Justin Winsor, William Young, and the Author of 'The Breadwinners.'

Although we stated distinctly that the only persons eligible to membership in the hypothetical Academy were 'native American authors of the sterner sex,' a number of voters have ignored the limitations thus fixed, and have included in their lists the names (1) of authors who are not native, (2) of native Americans who are not authors, and (3) of native American authors who are not of the sterner sex—unless we were wrong in using that phrase to denote the trousered gender. Amongst those who fall under the first head noted above—namely, authors who are not native here—Dr. Philip Schaff and Dr. James McCosh stand pre-eminent. Each received enough votes to entitle him to a worthy position in the Academy. Others who were voted for, but who were ineligible for the same reason,

were H. H. Boyesen, Carl Schurz, Charles Nordhoff, R. B. Anderson, Henry George, Cardinal McCloskey, Dr. Gottheil, William Swinton, P. B. DuChaillu, Henry M. Stanley, E. L. Godkin, Professor Sylvester, Robert Collyer, Henry Villard, Theodore Thomas and Dion Boucicault. Some of these names crept in quite naturally, but we were fairly surprised at finding that one or two of our readers were in the habit of regarding Herbert Spencer, Richard A. Proctor and Philip Gilbert Hamerton as 'native American authors' of whatever sex, as none of these distinguished gentlemen has done us the honor even to make America his dwelling-place, and one, if we mistake not, has yet to make his first visit to this country. Two gentlemen, on the other hand, were voted for, whose only claim to eligibility consisted in the fact that they were born, and have always lived, on American soil. One is known as Frederick Douglass, the other as Sitting Bull.

Amongst the native Americans who are not authors were included several eminent inventors and a number of well-known politicians, of whom Mr. Blaine can lay the best claim to eligibility, as he is in the act of writing a history which will some day be given to the world. Of native American authors not of the sterner sex, the following were often mentioned: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Helen Jackson, (H. H.), Julia Ward Howe, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Harriet W. Preston, Mary Mapes Dodge, Margaret J. Preston, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton), Maria Mitchell, and Edith M. Thomas.

One of the voters,—evidently taking the word 'Immortal' to mean one who has 'put on immortality,'—sent in a list on which appeared the names of only two living men,—these two being admitted, presumably, in the belief that they, too, had 'gone over to the majority.' On the other lists, amongst the names of living men-of-letters, one or another of the following occasionally appeared: J. S. C. Abbott, Leonard Bacon, Ezra Abbot, Benjamin Silliman, Joseph Henry, T. B. Read, Fitz-James O'Brien, Sidney Lanier, Lewis H. Morgan, John Motley, Richard Hildreth, G. P. Marsh and R. H. Dana, Jr.

An abortive attempt to found a 'National Institute of Letters, Arts and Sciences' in this country was made in 1868. The best men were in it. Mr. Bryant was to be President, Mr. Motley Vice-President, Mr. Howard Potter Treasurer, and Mr. R. G. White Chairman of the Executive Committee. A charter was obtained, and the Institute would soon have been an accomplished fact, had it not been for a single obstacle—the want of money. The needed sum, \$250,000, was not forthcoming. It was a bad year for such an attempt, for the country was in the depths of financial despair. Not even \$50,000 could be raised; so the plans of the founders were never realized—and probably never will be.

WHERE SHOULD THE ACADEMY BE LOCATED?

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

It may have occurred to you that the varying places of residence of the Forty Immortals named by the readers of THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE will form a serious obstacle to an American Academy when the endeavor is made to acclimate that happy French institution on our soil. For all the purposes of an Academy, Paris is France. But neither New York nor Boston is in any such sense the United States. With us, I fear, the Immortals would never get their Honorable Immortality together. Mr. Lowell, for instance, is in London just now; Mr. Howells is in Boston; Mr. Cable in New Orleans; and Mr. James—who can say where Mr. James is at this precious moment? How many meetings of an Academy, placed in New York, say, would any of these gentlemen be likely to attend?

NEW YORK, 2 April, 1884. CHARLES W. BALESTIER.

Reviews

*Saltus's Life of Balzac.**

ACCORDING to American precedent, it should have been easy to set aside Balzac's will. The poor monomaniac who imagines himself George Washington or the Grand Turk is packed off to Bedlam without more ado; Balzac was possessed by a legion of superstitions, fantasies, crazes, and we crown his bust with laurel. In exchange for literary fame he became the slave of his own creative imagination and the sport of its thousand excesses. 'At one time, shortly after the publication of *'Facino Cané,'* . . . Balzac became fairly intoxicated with the delusions of his hero, and his dreams of secreted wealth assumed such a semblance of reality that he at last imagined or pretended that he had learned the exact spot where Toussaint L'Ouverture had buried his famous booty.' 'The "Gold Bug" of Edgar Poe,' Gautier writes, did not equal in delicacy of induction and clearness of detail his feverish recital of the proposed expedition by which we were to become masters of a treasure far richer than Kidd's. Sandeau was as easily seduced as myself. It was arranged that we were to purchase spades and picks, place them secretly in a ship, and, to avoid suspicion, reach the designated spot by different roads, and then, after having disinterred the treasure, we were to embark with it on a brig freighted in advance.' The expedition, however, was indefinitely postponed, owing to a lack of the capital wherewith to buy spades. In his financial projects Alnaschar was not more visionary than Balzac, nor Colonel Sellers more sanguine. Now it was the cultivation of pineapples which was to bring him wealth; now it was the manufacture of paper; now the sale of timber from a forest in Poland. Of course the mathematical system which was to break the bank at Baden was not wanting to a speculator so inventive. But with all his fertility of resource, Balzac made his money at last in the simplest possible way—by marrying it. Five months after acquiring the wealth which had been his lifelong dream, he died of disease of the heart.

He was superstitious to the tips of his fingers. 'He stood one evening for two hours in the square of the Château d'Eau confidently awaiting some fortunate occurrence, and like Gautier in *'Mademoiselle de Maupin'* he awoke on certain days in a state of great agitation, trembling at every noise, and convinced that the happiness of his life was somehow at stake.' He was a firm believer in magnetism and clairvoyance. Mr. Saltus quotes a letter of his to Dr. Chapelain in which he suggests that the origin of cholera might be revealed through somnambulism. The names of his characters are all taken from life. 'A name, he considered, could no more be fabricated than could granite or marble. They were all three the work of time and revolutions. They made themselves, . . . His joy at the discovery of Matifat was almost as great as his delight in finding Cardot. He found the former in the Rue de la Perle, in the Marais. "I can see him now," he said; "he will have the pallid face of a cat. But Cardot is different; he will be dry as a bone, hasty and ill-tempered."'

Needing a name for an unfortunate hero, he and Léon Gozlan searched Paris on foot from end to end, until, just as they were ready to sink with exhaustion, a tailor's signboard bearing the name of Marcas—to which Balzac prefixed Z. for Zéphérin—dawned upon their gaze. The romancer was filled with emotion at his discovery, and rhapsodized upon the Z. and the Marcas in the pages of his novel until one is reminded of the 'Oh! oh!' which so enchanted Madelon and Caltros in the play.

Balzac took infinite pains to hide himself from the world; what with passwords and sentries and countersigns it was as difficult to obtain an audience from 'Madame Durand,' as he chose to call himself, as from the Czar.

* Balzac. By Edgar Everson Saltus, \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

As to his manner of writing: 'He would cover thirty or forty sheets with a scaffolding of ideas and phrases, which he then sent off to the printer, who returned them in columns wired and centred on large placards. The work, freed in this way from any personality and its errors at once apparent, was then strengthened and corrected. On a second reading the forty pages grew to a hundred, two hundred on the third, and so on, while on the proof-sheets themselves new lines would start from the beginning, the middle, or the end of a phrase; and if the margins were insufficient, other sheets of paper were pinned or glued to the placards, which were again and again returned, corrected, and reprinted, until the work was at last satisfactorily completed.' One is not surprised to be told that in the case of 'Pierrette' he was obliged to pay for the corrections 300 francs more than he received for the story itself. His vanity was stupendous. One even grows to admire it with the admiration accorded to vastness. But the force of character which could surmount obstacles and retrieve reverses such as Balzac's must needs beget a self-confidence in proportion to its own deserts. The story of Balzac's early life and struggles is of surpassing interest, and is excellently told by Mr. Saltus.

A quotable book reviews itself, and indeed we have left ourselves little to say. Mr. Saltus's work is French in style as in subject, possessing order, lucidity, vivacity; but his idiom has been somewhat affected by over-familiarity with French models. With this exception, we have no fault to find with a most fascinating biography.

"Mountain Psalms." *

THERE is a kind of inspiration born of solitude in these beautiful 'Psalms,' which represent a religious devotee, isolated from society, placed amid the most majestic mountain scenery, and swayed by his own lofty and not altogether-morbid phantasy. It is the old Bishop of Ratisbon, who has left his see to bury himself for a time among the upper passes of the Swiss Alps, near the Aber lakes. It is a simple picture which is drawn of his life there, but grand in its simplicity and lofty in its inspiration as well as its superlatives. There

'Many a cave within can be found
For him who in solitude prayeth.'

The good old hermit Bishop, who has no scruples against hard labor, works and prays, prays and works:

'His palace of huge rough trunks rises up,
And with moss well stuffed is each crevice.
In a sheltered nook a fountain is gleaming,
The silvery beaming,
Long-sought-for water abundantly streaming.'

He forgets his minster, his golden miter and chair, his ivory crozier. His Psalter suffices to drive away demons and devils, and though 'night-storms come roaring' against his humble abode, he still hears in them the voice of the Lord. 'Bare-headed, with beard flying wildly,' he goes forth to listen to the voice, which tells of the might of the Master and the insignificance of man. The clouds thicken; gray, rainy mist, full of spectres and dark powers of night, rush into the mighty ravines, pouring up the high 'Falkenschlucht wall.' The soul wrestles with them, and memory torments it with the beautiful sights of Ratisbon. Nor does the soul altogether get the mastery in the struggle, until it calls in the familiar auxiliaries of the cloister:

'To the chapel hasten,
The door unfasten,
Pull the ropes, and set the bell ringing,
That it may scare and scatter these demons!'

So the sunshine comes at last—the glorious sunshine of the high Alps. The sky is bathed in the freshness of May. The hermit is not without his solace then. He has his

boat, scooped and carved out of an oak, and he goes forth upon the Aber lake, with its massive, perpendicular borders, to fish.

'A bishop
E'en if he chooses a recluse's leisure,
Is ever intent on capture and seizure;
He will hook, if not souls,
For his lenten table a dainty dish
Of fish!'

The lake has wonderful fascinations, in a picturesque point of view, for the old hermit; but he turns to his angle and the enticing bait which he yesterday left to its chances. It has done good work, and secured a 'giant spoil'—an accursed fiend from the lake's deep bottom—which the Bishop, not averse, proceeds to knock on the head, muttering his thanks as he does so:

'O Lord! Thou never forsakest Thine own,
Dost help them by land and by water!'

So he passes the autumn, the snow-bringing months, until winter comes in earnest, when he bids adieu to his hermitage, and, remembering the human faces and human love that await the wanderer at home, goes on his way rejoicing, but secretly resolved that another spring shall find him again by the lakes.

The theme is a grand one, well-conceived, and treated with a simple grandeur of thought and imagination characteristic of the old German poets. Mrs. Brinnow's rendering is sometimes rough, and sometimes weak in poetic diction, but altogether it gives us a sense of a vigorous, rich, and fresh original.

"Byways of Nature and Life." *

IT is but moderate praise of 'Byways of Nature and Life' to say that the thirty-two excellent essays, comprised under this title and originally printed as newspaper letters, are entirely deserving of the more permanent form in which they are brought to our notice. A survey of the table of topics advises the reader that he will find no lack of what is known as the 'spice of life.' Great is the variety of excursions which the imagination is invited to make in these pages: from seal-hunting on the ice-fields of the north to sponge-gathering among the Bahamas; from the black reaches of the Pennsylvania coal-mines to the waving, sealike vistas of the sugar-cane plantations in the West Indies. Now on the New Brunswick coast, we watch the incoming of the giant tides of Fundy, or, when the waters have withdrawn, marvel at what even Herodotus would have reported cautiously—the spectacle of fish-nets left high and dry, while boys nimbly climb the meshes to 'bring down the cod or salmon from their airy perch.' Or at Heart's Content, the Newfoundland station of the ocean cable company, we are shown by what delicate mechanism the far-travelled electric message is reduced to written form; also we learn by what quick and skilful surgery any flaw or break in the great inter-continental ligament is repaired. One of the pleasantest of the excursions which we make under Mr. Deming's auspices is to Cuba, whose gifts from nature and whose neglect of them by man suggest the epithet 'an Irish emerald with a tropical setting.' The mercenariness and dishonesty of the Spanish Government are well illustrated in the remark reported to have been made by a citizen of Matanzas with regard to certain neglected land outlying the city and rich in its possibilities: 'If any one improved it, the increased taxes would eat it up.' There is an interesting chapter upon the Mississippi, showing the conflicting conditions in the yet unsolved problem of 'restraining the spring floods' while still 'securing navigable low-water in the autumn.' There is a vivid sketch of logging as carried on in the Michigan wilderness, and another of a quite different style of logging—the probing for the ancient white-cedars that lie buried in the swamps of New Jersey.

* Mountain Psalms. By Joseph Victor von Scheffel. Translated from the German by Mrs. Francis Brinnow. London: Trübner & Co.

* Byways of Nature and Life. By Clarence Deming. \$2.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Our interest never flags, whether the theme be a Yankee town-meeting, with its adjunct of an auction and a veteran auctioneer, the Attic salt of whose wit 'time has not even yet freshened,' or the Bowery of London, with its booths, its quacks, and its theatres where order is preserved by a corps of 'chuckerouts'; whether we are taken to reconnoitre the battle-ground of Waterloo or the scene of a coon-hunt in New England. The author's studies of the Southern planter and of the Negro of the Mississippi bends are full of humor and laughter-moving incident. In a very different vein is the essay entitled 'On Black Ice,' in which the curious and obscure insect life in a winter pond is described with a minuteness and fidelity that hint of the naturalist. Much agreeable food for reflection will be found by the philosophic angler who may read 'Oddities of Fishcraft,' though he may not be prepared to renounce the accepted traditions regarding the temperamental peculiarities of the trout.

We close this pleasant volume with an impression that the traveller who has entertained us so variously possesses the ability not only to discover 'by-ways' in regions little traversed, but to discover them also in the thoroughfares of other people's careless pursuing,—to find novelty and profitable suggestion where it is commonly thought that all which is deserving of notice was long ago inventoried.

"Lectures on Painting."*

THESE lectures were delivered to the students of the English Royal Academy between the years 1876 and 1882. The author apologizes in his preface for the 'roughness' of the cuts with which they are illustrated; but these cuts are really not rough at all, but, like the text, simple and sufficient for their purpose. We would like to draw to them the attention of those numerous engravers who are constantly trying to make of their works both simple illustrations and elaborate works of art. They will see from them that for the former purpose a mere diagram is always sufficient. The lectures themselves may equally be commended to those who, used to Mr. Ruskin and two or three other rhetorical writers, have come to believe that instruction in matters of art can best be conveyed by means of fine writing. There is not a page of it in this volume; and, nevertheless, there are not many books better suited for the real student of art to read in his leisure hours than this is. There is not much in it about drawing, or color, or handling—matters which he must learn by practice, if at all; but it contains much valuable information about matters which not one teacher in ten is likely to be able to give him any reliable account of. The book opens with a chapter on antique costume; there is one on Byzantine and Romanesque art, and one on Eighteenth-Century painters—both very timely just at present, when we are turning to early Christian models for our exterior architecture, and to the remains of the last century for our interior decorative motives. There are lectures on the great French painter of the first Republic, David, and on the existing European schools, and many sensible pages on decorative painting, on the choice of a subject and on composition. All of these are matters about which the average hardworking art-student is anxious to know something, and with reason; and they are not taught in the schools, except composition, which is taught superficially.

In the lecture on the modern schools, Mr. Armytage makes a statement which will be hotly controverted when he says that there can be no American school of art because 'no American thinks of studying art in New York or Boston'; but his general statement that there are nowadays no distinctly marked national schools of art anywhere except in France and Germany is very evidently true, and, the reason left out, it includes the former statement. French art he considers to be in a transition stage. The

success of Fortuny, Corot, Daubigny and others has unsettled public taste. Then, the older men now living are painting for money, and the younger are carried away by sensationalism. Mannerisms of various kinds are rampant in the present French school and humbug flourishes, but since so short a time as three or four years ago it might fairly have been called a great school, it is yet too soon to say that a return of vigor is not to be hoped for. In the German and Austrian schools, Mr. Armytage finds less to like, but he maintains, naturally enough, that in his own country art is in a particularly healthy condition. We do not, however, agree with him. The lecture on David and his pupils is very interesting, one of these pupils, Paul Delaroche, having been Mr. Armytage's own master.

Dr. Schaff's History of the Church.*

THE preface to this volume lays especial stress on the discoveries and critical labors of the present generation, with regard to that period in the development of Christian life and thought which immediately followed the age of the Apostles. It is by far the most important part of Church history—next to the New Testament time itself,—for one who desires to trace out the roots of modern Christianity. The feeble, hardly self-conscious beginnings of that great intellectual movement which culminated in the historic declarations of doctrine, as well as the germs of almost every morbid phenomenon, every extravagant vagary, which the later ages have seen in the Church, lie well back in this period. A comprehensive and minute study of it is essential to all sound progress in the knowledge of the Middle Ages, the Reformation, and the post-Reformation churches, and is therefore a precondition of all permanently useful contributions to the religious conflicts of the present and future. Such study has been pursued within the last thirty years, with constantly increasing zeal, in England, Germany, France, Italy and even in the Orient itself. 'Before long,' as Dr. Schaff well says, 'there will be great need of an historic architect, who will construct a beautiful and comfortable building out of the vast material thus brought to light.' It is too early, yet, for a presentation of the complete picture. Dr. Schaff's aim has therefore been, to give as fully as possible, by analysis, by catalogues of books, by critical notes, in addition to the narrative text, all the facts and most probable conclusions up to the date of his revision. He has done this with great diligence and thoroughness, and his book will prove of service for the precise purpose he has had in view.

Minor Notices.

'STUDIES IN LONGFELLOW,' by W. C. Gannett (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a little pamphlet, very carefully prepared and admirably fitted to give suggestions to classes who wish to 'study' Longfellow. For ourselves, we confess that the great charm of contemporary poetry is that it does not have to be studied as in our youth we had to study 'Paradise Lost,' and when we take up Longfellow, it is with a wish for something, in the poet's own words,

'Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,'

but something that gives pleasure without analysis, and suggestion without discussion. In the discussion of many points that Mr. Gannett suggests,—such as 'Is humor the sense of contrast? and is one's share of it inversely proportioned to his sense of harmony?' or 'Serenity as a sign of strength: is it always that? is it mainly the fruit of temperament or of victory?' or 'The Puritan element in American life,—its good and its harm?' or 'Patriotism and Culture: the more cosmopolitan, the less patriotic,—is that a rule?' or 'Does Science deepen Poetry and Religion, and is the best of both to come? or does Science quench them both?'—we do not see why it is necessary to have a text from Longfellow at all. The effort to extract from his works the poet's personality seems to us the very thing to be avoided, ex-

* *Lectures on Painting.* By Edward Armytage, R.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* *History of the Christian Church.* By Philip Schaff. New edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged. Vol. II. Ante-Nicene Christianity A.D., 300-325. 84. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

cept where the poet himself has purposely made his personality evident, and we fail to appreciate any great gain from such discussion as 'May not that canto of Frithiof's Saga have suggested the Evangeline hexameters to him?' or 'Our Poet before Nature: did he see it, or into it, or too much through it, into the Land of Song beyond?'

MISS LOUISE McLOUGHLIN'S 'Suggestions to China-painters' (Robert Clarke & Co.) are of the most practical character and include remarks about drawing, technique, colors, palettes for flower-painting, painting ahead, lettering, and firing. Two thirds of the book are taken up with directions about the preparation and application of gold and colors on porcelain, about how to set a kiln, etc. The book is a supplementary treatise to a former work on china-painting by the same author, but is less elementary in character, and contains the results of later experience. The commonsense of the writer is shown to the greatest advantage in her chapters on drawing, on design, and on Japanese art. She insists on some knowledge of drawing, on the adaptation of the designs to the articles which they are to decorate, and on the fact that the beauty of Japanese art, even of the simplest, is the result of a great deal of study. The examples which the illustrations furnish, whether of naturalistic or of conventional ornament, are not of the very best; but they are better than the average. While it is true that the pottery craze is at present nearly as foolish as the piano-playing mania which it has to some extent superseded, still these are sillier and more expensive ways of passing the time than in painting mugs and saucers. Miss McLoughlin's book is calculated to make of this fashionable amusement something like a serious study, and it is, on that account, to be heartily welcomed.

THE late Tom Hood (the younger and lesser of that honored name) was wont to wish that the teaching of English verse were made obligatory in all schools, believing that if this were done many amateur-poets, seeing the frequency and the fullness of their fellow amateur-poets, would frankly recognize the fact that their verses were not truly poems but rather the metrical exercises of a beginner and as such not worthy of publication. If Hood's plan had been carried into effect, we should be spared the perusal of the many volumes of unnecessary verse which are now put forth annually. We incline to the belief that the 'Rhymes of a Barrister' (Little, Brown & Co.) would have been kept secret in the dark fly-leaves of the odd volumes of State Reports where they were doubtless scribbled. As metrical exercises they are of great interest—to the author. As such they have no doubt helped him to a fuller understanding of the manifold and mighty difficulties of the poetic art. The Barrister who is guilty of these harmless rhymes has now discovered that that light and lively little trifle, the villanelle, is not as easy as it looks; that the strong bow of the sonnet is not to be bent by whoso will; and that a translation from Horace takes time, trouble and a full share of the divine gift. But the book in which the Barrister has bound his rhymes is beautifully printed.

'A NATURAL HISTORY READER,' by James Johonnot (Appleton), is very good natural history, but we doubt its value as a reader. It is a pity to associate reading in the minds of the young with what is dull, and the selections, while interesting to a student, are not of the kind that makes science entertaining to little people. It is adapted only for older pupils, and we do not commend it for them. Reading, if taught at all as an art, must imply a great variety of subject and style. At the same time, considered as natural history alone, we should think the book, containing as it does extracts on a great number of subjects from the best writers, would be very useful.

Hawthorne in Germany.

THE ever-increasing emphasis with which American literature is making itself felt—and profoundly felt—among our contemporaries across the water finds a new attestation in Dr. A. Schönbach's 'Beiträge zur Charakteristik Nathaniel Hawthorne's,' reprinted from Kölbing's 'Englische Studien' (1884). An apology is now no longer found necessary as an introduction to the serious study of an American author. Literature in the United States during the last two or three decades, says Dr. Schönbach, is no longer to be considered a mere *anhängsel* of the literature of England, but deserves notice of itself as a rich aboriginal and independent growth. The best contemporary fiction comes from America; the finest English style since George Eliot's is that of James. As for Hawthorne, he is the poet of poets whom the

United States, so far, have produced; whether we view him on his mystic side, as in sympathy with the Transcendentalists, or as a distinctive product of the American soil, which, while assimilating English elements, never abandons its own precious and native individuality. His first and his last works were alike American, and those who scent an aroma of French or German or English *valksgeist* in him are simply mistaken.

Dr. Schönbach is deeply indebted to Lathrop's 'Study of Hawthorne' for many of his facts and conclusions, though he is evidently familiar with all the *ana* of the subject, and, among other things, quotes a communication in THE CRITIC of May 26, 1883. That his study of Hawthorne is a careful and a loving one need hardly be added. Schönbach is a German, a professor, a doctor, an omniscience *in petto* on this particular subject, a student who even classifies Hawthorne's spiders, etymologizes on the names of his characters, and wields a little historical sprinkler by which he ejects illuminating spray into this or that obscure corner of his subject. His motherly and tender touch, however, changes on occasion into maternal chastisement, as where he scolds Hawthorne for his ignorance of Italian life, his alien tread on the bright slopes of the Apennines, the crudity of his art judgments, and other naughty matters. Like a true Teuton, nevertheless, he revels in Hawthorne's keen incursions into the psychological territory,—in his clear objectivity and realism, in his sudden spurts of humor that leap out of a single word or a phrase, and in his exquisite gift of speech. He is the first English prose-writer of the century, George Eliot first and last excepted. His special and delightful quality is his Americanism, his out-breathing of the old colonial life, his freshness, sharpness, precision, purity. And he is the chief representative of that indefinable aggregate of felicities which we now expect from first-rate American work.

Mr. E. P. Roe's Ice-bound Eagle.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

In your journal of March 29th, Mr. Ingersoll assures your readers that the 'frost-chained eagle,' described in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, 'must be a preposterous bit of ornithological fooling—a poking of fun at the Bird of Freedom.' Far be it from me to take such a liberty with the august emblem of our nationality. I must admit, however, between ourselves, that the actual eagle of ornithology requires not a little idealizing. It has proved an appropriate emblem of our Government in its Indian policy and—but you can readily supply the other instances. Should Mr. Ingersoll do so improbable a thing as to follow my simple home tale any further, he will find that I have no disposition to emulate De Montfort, even though I may have a fish-story or two to tell. I am not a scientist, and may fall into many errors. I have never dreamed of making 'an ornithologist open his eyes,' but merely hoped that I might do a little toward opening the eyes of people in general to the unfailling charms and objects of interest that Nature everywhere presents. 'The facts,' given 'in serious fashion separate from the fictitious air of a novel,' are simply these: After an ice-storm similar to the one so well described by Mr. Ingersoll in a recent number of *The Current*, a wood-chopper in the Highlands struck his axe into a tree with no other expectation than that of bringing down some cord-wood. To his surprise an eagle fell at his feet, and it was so encased in ice that it could not fly. He merely tied its legs together, also 'its beak with a shoe-string,' and with the bird under his arm trudged to the village of Cornwall. The eagle—a very large one—was purchased by the keeper of an oyster-saloon, and was seen by scores of people. I had often heard the story but to-day took pains to verify it from the lips of the saloon-keeper who bought the eagle from the wood-cutter. I have it from good authority that the eagle uses his beak as a weapon of defence. My friend Dr. Mearns, who recently resided near West Point, has shot and wounded several of these birds, and he found them ready enough to strike with their beaks as well as talons. Mr. Gibson in the January number of *Harper's* has well portrayed the attitude usually taken by a wounded eagle, and should a sportsman have the fortune to bring one into this position it might be well not to take it for granted that its beak is harmless.

In his paper in *The Current* Mr. Ingersoll refers to the remarkable scarcity of birds in his vicinity during the past winter. We have been more fortunate on the Hudson. I have seen many of our regular winter residents. Robins and blue birds have never wholly left us, and as visitants we have had thousands of pine-grossbeaks. A few of these birds fed daily at the western end of our piazza. One—a magnificent red male, with plumage brilliant even for the tropics—was very fearless, and approached

so near to me that I could have touched him with a cane. The majority, however, were females and young males. Purple finches and song-sparrows were singing about the house in February.

EDWARD P. ROE.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, March 31, 1884.

The Lounger

A CURIOUS feature of the experimental vote for forty American 'Immortals' is the fact that the name of T. W. Parsons does not appear either in the list of those who received the majority of votes for the Academy, or in the list of a second forty whose names are given as next numerously voted for. Now if a literary academy were really established in this country, there is little doubt that Dr. Parsons would be, by common consent of his peers, among the first dozen constituting the 'Immortals.' As a scholar and poet he certainly ranks among our very best; that he is not among our foremost, as well, is to be accounted for mainly by the fact that he 'takes no care of his reputation.' I do not know, however, that a poet is called upon to 'take care of his reputation,' though certainly it is a loss to the generation that now is, that the name of the translator of 'The Inferno,' and of the author of the ode 'On a Bust of Dante' and the 'Dirge for a Soldier,' is not better known to his countrymen.

I CAME across a copy of the poems of William Thomas Fitz-Gerald, Esq., London 1801, on a street book-stall the other day and bought it for fifteen cents. It would be putting too high a value on these poems to say that they were worth that price as poetry. I bought the book for the honor Byron did the author in beginning his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' with an allusion to him by name:

'Still must I hear?—shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall?

Byron was not the only person who poked fun at poor Fitz-Gerald. Cobbett termed him the 'Small-Beer Poet.' He is said to have 'inflicted an annual tribute of verse on the Literary Fund,' and, not content with writing, to have 'spouted in person' after the company had imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation. This is hardly an enviable reputation, or one to make a writer's works especially desirable; but then the value a bibliomaniac puts upon a book is often adventitious and arises from some cause as slight as this.

SPEAKING of poetry, I could not help thinking of the difference in the bulk of a poet's works as compared with those of a prose-writer—a novelist, for example. I bought a copy of Macmillan's new and admirable edition of Tennyson's poems the other day for \$1.50, the regular retail price, and then went to a Broadway importer and bought a set of Thackeray's Works, in twenty-two volumes, for \$45. Everything Tennyson has written that he has thought worthy of preserving except 'The Cup' and 'The Falcon,' can be put into one octavo volume. The best thought of his life—the result of years of hard work—is crowded into these few hundred pages.

So Lord Coleridge has sentenced Mr. Edmund Yates to four months imprisonment for publishing a libel upon the Earl of Lonsdale. I am not sorry to see this, for I think it high time some stand was taken against personal journalism. No one is safe from such journals as that of Mr. Yates. A man may wake any morning to find himself the victim of some spiteful and slanderous paragraph; which, deny as he may, will always stand against him in the minds of those who read it and never see his denial, or who, if they do see the denial, yet shrug their shoulders and say: 'You may be sure there is something back of this; he is not as innocent as he pretends.' No doubt Lord Coleridge was smarting under the recent unpleasant coupling of his name with that of Miss Mary Anderson. Mr. Yates was the first offender in this line to come before him, and no doubt he was delighted to be able to visit deserved punishment on so conspicuous an exponent of the style of journalism which had given himself so much annoyance.

HERE in the East we speak with fine scorn of the Western interviewer to whom no person and no time is sacred. But who in the West—who on the Oshkosh *Spy-Glass*—has erred more flagrantly in this respect than a recent Paris correspondent of

The Tribune. This bold woman (the headlines tell us it is a woman) penetrates to Miss Emma Nevada's bed-chamber the morning after the singer's great success at the Grand Opera House, and tells the public just how she looked at the trying moment between the first waking and the bath. The young cantatrice, we are told, was 'sitting propped up with a pillow; the 'bedstead was of varnished pitch-pine, curtained off with very cheap printed calico.' Think of that—a prima-donna lying upon a bedstead of 'pitch-pine,' when black walnut is a drug in the market, and curtained in with 'very cheap' calico! The eagle eye of this correspondent took in all the furniture of the room at a glance. The 'pillow-cases were perfectly plain.' What a shame! I should have fancied them flounced with old point. But this is nothing to the next revelation. 'The sleeves and collar of the night-gown were quite untrimmed,' and the night-gown itself 'was of percale!'

DR. DAMROSCH is to be thanked for introducing to an American audience the C-sharp Minor Quartette of Beethoven, scored for full orchestra by Müller-Berghaus. This is, with one exception, the last quartette that Beethoven wrote, and it was neither published nor performed in his life-time. Its merits have been hotly disputed in Europe, but in this country it has been too seldom heard to have become a subject of discussion. A string quartette of which Mr. Thomas and Mr. Bergner were members used to play the piece occasionally, but it attracted little attention. Just now, by a coincidence, it is being heard in its original form by a number of amateur musicians and music-lovers who meet weekly, at an uptown studio, to hear chamber-music of the highest class performed by a quartette of the best professional musicians in the city. At these reunions the piece has already been given twice, and it is down for repetition on the next three programmes. A comparison of the performances of Dr. Damrosch's orchestra with those of the quartette referred to shows clearly enough that the great work has gained, rather than lost, by being transformed into a symphony.

The Tribune has played a rather clumsy joke on its readers by reprinting from the '*The Pall Mall Journal*,' an article entitled 'Mr. Arnold in Chicago,' in which the writer—ostensibly Mr. Arnold himself—professes to record some of the impressions made upon the mind of that distinguished gentleman during his recent visit to this country. There is no such paper as the '*Journal*,'—and there is no danger that Mr. Arnold will record his observations of American society in such commonplace and feeble prose as that of the article in question. As a parody, it cannot deceive those who are familiar with his style; and it will fail to amuse even those who take it as a bit of harmless fooling.

Prodigality and Altruism.

[From *The Spectator*.]

THERE are some controversies, most of them moral, but not quite all, upon which men find what we may call their intellectual instinct quite as sure a guide as their reason, and a much quicker one. It takes time to reason out on Christian principles a defence of the duty of wrath, though we all perceive, perhaps too quickly, that under given circumstances such a duty must exist. Men see that the doctrine of non-resistance would not work, and, therefore, cannot be divine, long before they perceive where the chain of argument which has led many thinkers to the Quaker conclusion visibly breaks down. They resist before they have reflected that non-resistance as a dogma must make them very often accomplices in evil. Of all such questions, however, there is none in which instinct and reasoning are more nearly at variance than the one raised by our correspondents of this week and the last. They argue, one directly and the other implicitly, that it is impossible for a Christian to be prodigal,—that is, to expend large sums in mere pleasure blamelessly. There is misery in the world, they say, and you are bound to relieve it with all the money you have above the expenses of maintenance, or you neglect your duty. That seems, to Christians at all events, at the first blush, a solid proposition, to which there can scarcely be any answer; and yet the world, including Christians, has replied to it for centuries by a negative. It has perceived that there is contained in it a death-warrant for civilization, for refinement, for most forms of enjoyment, and for the culture of beauty, and has said 'No!' instinctively, without being able to reason the 'No' out, and therefore, after its fashion, has accepted the argument as true, but, nevertheless, only 'a counsel for perfection.' As we are by no means

sure that it is even that, we will endeavor to state what seem to us the difficulties in the subject, at some risk of the obloquy which in these days falls upon all who seem to plead the cause of the rich against the poor. The rich, however, are vertebrate animals, and entitled to justice; and if they were not, it would concern us all, as we are all striving for money, to consider whether, in keeping it or spending it on ourselves, we are doing wrong. We contend that we, the average folk, are not, though there may be and are persons to whom a mission has been given which enables them, or rather obliges them, to act on a loftier sense of duty than the world can obey.

In the first place, then, we cannot recognize the limitations with which our correspondents, and, indeed, almost all who maintain the extreme theory of altruism, attempt to hedge in their dogma. If it is true at all, it is true thus far, that it is wrong, while misery capable of relief by expenditure exists in the world, to expend money needlessly in any way whatever. It is just as wrong to spend spare thousands on a line of electric telegraph, as Mr. Thomasson advises, as to expend them on anything else, for the telegraph probably produces much more misery than it relieves, and is itself, to those who appreciate rapid communication, mainly an enjoyment. We are not quite sure that it is right to distribute flowers to hospitals, as 'B. P. L.' suggests, for the money would assuage hunger, and even preserve life; and a consumptive patient, like our friend's 'weary pleasure-seeker,' gets nothing out of the flowers but a little languid enjoyment, to which the fact of sickness gives him no preferential title. Hunger must count before sickness, and we are quite sure that 'the social duties of one's position,' as Mr. Brameld calls them, are no excuse for spending money which might be given to the poor, for if their claim is absolute, relief is the highest of social duties, and indeed, as far as money is concerned, the only one. No other can for an instant be weighed against it. It is ridiculous to plead that the pleasure of living in large rooms, or of buying fine pictures, or of promoting culture, or even of giving to the public, can be put in the balance against a claim so over-mastering as that of hunger. Nonsense about encouraging Raphael! You may save ten lives with the price of one picture. Do not speak of buying that book, the money may cure a fever-stricken child who wants only quinine. Sell that horse at once, its value will give five ignorant children education. 'Two thousand pounds' worth of flowers! What right have you or can you have to two thousand pounds' worth of Consols, when scarcely two miles away thousands are suffering all the consequences, moral and physical, of overcrowding? There is no resisting the argument, and no limiting its extent, all that can be dispensed with must be dispensed with, and curtains are as much robberies from the poor as the azaleas which move our friends to such reams of indignation. All must be sold, except the indispensable, and but little will remain. There lived an old lady once, not so long ago, who earned—we are relating an authenticated fact—by very severe exertion some £3200 a year. For twenty years she steadily 'gave to the Lord' £3000 a year, reserving the odd £200 for her own and her children's maintenance. A venerable clergyman called one day, and rebuked that old lady roundly in a good set lecture for 'keeping back her substance from the Lord.' He had breakfasted with her, noticed that she used silver spoons, and in the most perfect sincerity demanded that they also should be sold, and the proceeds used in 'furthering the work.' Clearly, upon the theory the old clergyman was right; you can eat with horn spoons; the silver was worth some pounds, and those pounds, if the claim was absolute, belonged to the Lord's work. There is no possible pausing in such a road till you have arrived at bare necessities, and all the arts, except perhaps cooking, all the enjoyments which depend upon money, say, for example, riding, and almost all the amenities of life, must be suffered to die out. They involve waste, while the poor suffer, and as the poor are infinitely the majority, and always will be, all wealth must be mortgaged to their relief. The wealth itself, it must be remembered, would, under the theory, be enormously diminished. Not to speak of the extinction of the great whip, selfishness, commerce in superfluities must perish. France must lose her wine trade, China her tea trade, America her tobacco trade, for none of those things can be considered indispensable. Industry, too, must diminish, for if I hold wealth in trust for the poor, so do I hold my time; and it is as wrong for me to be seeking wealth while my sick brother wants a nurse, as for me to be buying flowers while he wants a more nourishing dinner. There is no personal object in seeking the wealth, for it is all to go away, and no altruistic object can be so pressing as that of insuring the needful tendance. We not only all see that, if the sick be son or wife, but we act on it, and the sick neighbor should be nearly as close. All spare

wealth must be devoted to the poor, as Carlo Borromeo devoted it; and all spare time not actually required for the great and intensely wearisome business of keeping alive.

Is it not certain that the instinct of mankind is right in rejecting such a theory, which would crush out all civilization, flatten down all differences of living, extinguish all interests save one, and turn the world into one gigantic poorhouse, with the successful minority doing the work of nurses, and the unsuccessful majority passing life, let us hope with gratitude, in the receipt of alms? It is most certain, as we hold, that the instinct is right; and yet we humbly acknowledge that we cannot suggest the train of reasoning which should completely demonstrate that it is so, and that we have a deep respect for those who can act up to the law of altruism without considering consequences. But then we respect them as we respect those who, from some over-mastering obligation personal to themselves, observe the law of celibacy, which if universally accepted would extinguish the world. Our impression—we will not say conviction—is that men are entitled not only to the fruit of their exertions, but to the enjoyment of them; that unwilling giving is sterile of good, whether to giver or receiver; and that the command laid on us is only to share with others freely, not to divest ourselves of our own, which may, moreover, be necessary to our own highest development. An easy-chair is not surplussage, if the cripple seated in it thereby has the unfretted use of his brain. Complete altruism is, in fact, service, and the obligation to serve is not laid upon all men, at all times, in the same way. It would, however, be difficult to maintain that view in time of actual famine,—as difficult as to maintain the converse in cases where the giver, irritated by the perpetual self-sacrifice as by a hair-shirt, felt himself slipping, in his very obedience to the law, daily further from his own ideal, degenerating, in fact, by virtue of self-denial into a querulous self-seeker. All we can do is to plead that the supposed law seems to be at variance with most of the facts of Nature, which, if we could read them aright, must be divine, and most of the instincts of man; and that its result, if literally obeyed, *ab omnibus et ubique*, would be the utter ruin of the majority, upon whom the effect of that other law, 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat,' would speedily cease to operate. All we are quite clear about, except by a mental instinct, is that, if there is a limit to the law of self-sacrifice other than its producing self-demoralization, if there is any money of our own which we may spend on ourselves, then the mode of the expenditure, provided it is innocent, is not a moral question. One likes flowers, another—by his own avowal, incredible as it may seem—likes telegraphs, and it is as right to spend thousands on flowers or pines as on Raphaels or gigantic organs. We cannot prove absolutely and on paper that there is no harm in waste, but if any waste is allowable, waste on magnificence is as lawful as waste on the purchase of superfluous bonds to bearer. We cannot see otherwise, and must just bear to be told that we are defenders of the one social habit which by instinct, as well as reason, we unreasonably detest.

How wise the old legislators were, who fixed on an arbitrary proportion—one tenth, a two-shilling Income-tax—as the minimum share to be given to unselfish work!

"Orion" Horne.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

In a farewell utterance to his American friends Mr. Matthew Arnold spoke of himself as entirely sustained and encouraged by the sympathy of the literary class. 'Should the literary class cease to support me,' he said, 'I should fall.' In the case of a very old man who has just passed away, the fate which Mr. Arnold fantastically and needlessly supposed for himself was actually realized. The poet of 'Orion' and of 'Cosmo de Medici' was supported by the literary class, and about thirty years ago that class removed its support from him, and he declined into obscurity. If Mr. Horne had died in 1844, instead of 1884, there can be no question that he would have taken his place at once among the principal stars of the Victorian constellation. He was admired by all his contemporaries, and most of all by the greatest. Leigh Hunt and Edgar Poe, Walter Savage Landor and Lord Tennyson, Mr. and Mrs. Browning accepted him as without question belonging to their kith and kin; and though he never reached the general public, he possessed from the first that inner and professional recognition which is, usually, so much safer than the light plaudits of the crowd. Of the poet who died in such obscurity last week, Carlyle declared that 'the fire of the stars' was in him, and G. H. Lewes that he was 'a man of the most unquestionable genius.' But the works that called forth this praise were produced during a single oasis of seven

years in a desert of fourscore, and the beautiful things he wrote in his prime were obscured by the mass of poor things written almost until the day of his death. He presents us therefore with a curious and pathetic literary phenomenon.

Richard Henry Horne was born so exactly at midnight on the last night of the year that it could never be decided whether he came into the world in 1802 or in 1803. He showed no early determination to letters. He wished to be a soldier, and was trained for the army. He went to school at Tottenham, where Tom Keats, the poet's brother, and Charles Wells, the author of 'Joseph and his Brethren,' were his schoolfellows. An interesting reminiscence which he was ready to repeat in old age was that he was scampering out of school one frosty afternoon, when he saw the surgeon's trap at the schoolhouse door, and John Keats holding the reins, and nodding on the box with sleep. Horne threw a snowball at the great poet, who was then better known as a determined fellow with his fists, saw it break on Keats's hat, and fled round the corner from fear of condign chastisement. At Tottenham, too, he knew Miss Hitcheney, the grim educational spinster, known in the history of Shelley as 'the Brown Demon.' He was privy to the savage practical joke played on Tom Keats, which severed the friendship between John Keats and Charles Wells; and when Mrs. Shelley, after her widowhood, arrived in London, Horne was the first to call upon her, and express his enthusiasm and sorrow. Charles Wells had introduced him to Leigh Hunt, and he was thus in the centre of that Cockney School which has now so much romantic interest for us all. Hazlitt he never saw in life, but was taken by Charles Wells to see his dead body in 1830.

Horne, however, though the companion of poets, had at first no thought of writing himself. He was, on the contrary, allured by the pleasures of a life of action. He was destined, as we have hinted, for Sandhurst; but just when he should have entered the Royal Military College, he was lured away to America by an adventurous friend, who had dreams of assisting at the declaration of Mexican independence. Horne entered the Mexican navy as a midshipman, and took a prominent part under fire at the bombardment of Vera Cruz and at the siege of San Juan Ulloa. He was a vigorous and spirited young fellow, and then, no doubt, as later on in life, a little what the late Mr. Prouse would have called 'vanity-glorious.' It was certainly in a spirit of 'bustiousness' that he stripped within range of the guns of Vera Cruz, and very nearly perished, not by an ill-directed Spanish cannon, but by a fatally calculating shark. A little later on, again through sheer foolhardiness, he fell into the hands of the Spaniards at Puerto Rico, and was within an ace of being shot as certainly a pirate and probably a spy.

After the war was over, with a certain number of Mexican doubloons in his belt, he went northward and visited the great Indian tribes, the Mohawks, the Hurons, and the Oneidas, and after many strange adventures found himself at Niagara. Here, for a wager, he must needs bathe under the cataract, and was dragged out more dead than alive, with two of his ribs broken. When he was getting well, at the Niagara Hotel, he played billiards with some gentlemanly-looking men, who relieved him of the last of the hard-earned Mexican doubloons. He worked his way to Montreal, and took a steerage-passage in a vessel that was wrecked in the St. Lawrence. He walked across country to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and there started again in a timber-ship, the crew of which rose in mutiny, and put fire to her in mid-ocean. At last, after adventures equalled only by those of the cheerful young persons who take ship in M. Jules Verne's delightful romances, he found himself once more in London, where his relations and friends killed the fatted calf in his honor.

Among these friends was an old gentleman, a Mr. Hengist, who showed so strong a tendency to adopt him that Horne took his name. It was more a joke than anything else at first, and as late as 1864, on the title-page of 'Prometheus the Fire-Bringer,' the name is still given Richard Henry Horne. But for the last twenty years of his life he dropped the Henry, and substituted Hengist for it. He was more than thirty before he began to write. The adventures we have briefly sketched occupied the whole of his early youth. It was in 1833 that he came forward with his first book, an anonymous volume, called 'Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public.' This was a direct appeal to the sympathies of the literary class, and it had its reward in a success among authors. It is written in somewhat crude prose, with interesting early praise of men then little appreciated by the public, such as Shelley, Wells, and Lytton. The little period between 1837 and 1844, however, contains all that is best in Horne's imaginative production. For his reputation's sake he should have died forty years ago. In 1837 he published his historical tragedy of *Cosmo de*

Medici. It was well received, and in the same year he brought out his tragical scene called 'The Death of Marlowe,' the poem most analogous to a *proverbe* by Alfred de Musset which we possess in English. In 1840, having in vain for a year waited for Macready to produce his tragedy of 'Gregory VII.,' Horne withdrew it from his hands and published it. In 1843 he brought out his famous epic poem 'Orion,' which was published at a farthing, to express the author's sense of the public contempt for epic poetry. Finally, in 1844, he published in two volumes his critical survey of contemporary literature, entitled 'A New Spirit of the Age.' We have now mentioned the five works which justify the admiration lavished on Horne by his most eminent contemporaries, and it will be perceived that their publication was comprised within one twelfth of his long career.

The decline of his poetic felicity was almost sudden. After the great success of 'Orion,' his next volume of verse, 'Ballad Romances,' in 1846, was a partial failure, and the miracle-play of 'Judas Iscariot,' in 1848, still less successful. Horne should have perceived that his magic had deserted him, and should have withdrawn from literature. But at no time of his life did he possess the critical faculty with regard to his own writings, and he was totally unable to see any difference between the fiascos of his later years and the impassioned and melodious verses of his 'Marlowe' and his 'Orion.' Meanwhile he plunged once more into restless adventure. It is not possible in a short article to chronicle all the journeys he undertook, all the enterprises he dashed into, all the hair-breadth escapes which he courted. He was sub-editor of *Household Words* under Charles Dickens, and Special Correspondent in Ireland to the *Daily News* when that paper was first started in the midst of the great Irish famine. In 1852 Horne went to Australia, and perhaps no man of letters has ever been jack of so many trades as he had been before he came back again. He was Commander of the Gold Escort, and, happy in his semi-martial responsibility, convoyed several tons of gold from Ballarat to the sea. Then he was appointed Gold Commissioner to the Government. It is hinted that certain innocent pranks, the result of spirits more ebullient than words can say, brought this appointment to a hasty close. The versatile poet became Commissioner of the Water-works which supply the city of Melbourne; threw himself into the cultivation of the cactus, for the encouragement of the cochineal insect; and finally took part in the first large Australian wine-making. Other and still more eccentric modes of pursuing a livelihood led him at last, in 1864, to return to England, without having secured lasting profit from any one of his thousand enterprises, the only solid emolument from them all being certain medals and cups which he had amassed by feats of swimming in the harbor of Melbourne. Mr. Horne would have been most unwilling that any biographical sketch of him should omit to state that he was a very powerful and intrepid swimmer. Even in old age, when past his seventieth year, he was only too eager to endanger his health by challenging young rivals to feats of natation. He was certainly on the borders of eighty before he would consent to leave off his champion performances, his singing, his playing on the guitar, his swimming, his bending of a poker on his fore-arm. In men of genius the intellectual vivacity usually long survives the physical, but in his case it was exactly the reverse.

This, however, is not the place in which his life can be described in full. So strange and vivacious a personage will surely not lack a biographer. In the mean time we must dedicate the short space left to us to an examination of his work, of the best which he produced during those seven years of fugitive vitality. Will R. H. Horne live among the English poets? The question is one which some of the greatest names of the last generation, and certain critics of judgment still among us, would eagerly answer in the affirmative. We are not so certain of our reply. Yet it appears to us that, when the great mass of his writing is cleared away, a residue remains which has the stamp of greatness upon it. His three early tragedies, especially 'The Death of Marlowe,' are written in blank verse, which is sometimes stiff and bald, but often very stately and dramatic. It is stage-verse which has more vitality than that of Beddoes, or Darley, or Westland Marston, more even than that of Sheridan Knowles or Talfourd. 'Orion,' with its nine genuine editions, points to something like real success among the literary class, and was certainly Horne's main gift to the poetry of his age. It was inspired by 'Hyperion,' but it is not unworthy of the inspiration. It is full of sombre and gorgeous images, full of the passion of beauty, sustained through four long books at a high imaginative level. The music of some of its finest passages is wholly worthy of the great masters. Some of his prose possesses very felicitous qualities. The 'New Spirit of the Age' abounds in vivacious and discriminating passages, and 'The Good-natured Bear,' a

story for children of all ages, published in 1848, is unique in its way. On the whole, then, if Horne has missed the consecration of the laurel, no one ever missed it by such a hair's-breadth.

A Good Word for the Bayonet.

[Archibald Forbes, in *The Pall Mall Budget*.]

BOTH in Afghanistan and in Zululand it befell me to see something of the use of the cold steel, and I cannot agree with your correspondent 'C. B.' that against foes armed with stabbing implements as their main weapon, any advantage would be gained by discarding the bayonet for the short swords, the Ghoorka kukrie, the American bowie knife, or any other kindred instrument. Napier was right; the bayonet is the 'queen of weapons'—that is, of all varieties of *l'arme blanche*; of death-dealing instruments that one man can wield, the repeating rifle is unquestionably the most lethal.

Let me clear the air a little before coming to 'close quarters' with 'C. B.'—not, I hope, with 'tiger-like ferocity.' Hand-to-hand fighting is a thing of the past, except in campaigns against savages such as our three latest—those in Afghanistan, in Zululand, and this one on the Red Sea coast. The bayonet was but once used in the Franco-German war—in a street-fight in the village of Villiers-le-Bel; and only once to my knowledge in the Russo-Turkish war, at Skobeleff's final capture of the redoubt outside Plevna on the Loftcha road. Our men occasionally used the bayonet at Inkerman, where 'C. B.' thinks a shorter weapon would have been 'serviceable.' Why? They were fighting with men armed with bayonets like themselves, and in the single combats it was the man who was handiest with his bayonet who won. Those men of ours at Inkerman who were armed with shorter weapons—namely, the officers with their regulation swords—had rather a bad time against the longer-reaching bayonets. The Prussian infantry did, and perhaps still do, carry a short, straight sword, without a guard, which is never used in fighting; and in the Russian army the Guards and Grenadiers carried a similar weapon, concerning which Lieutenant Greene truly observes that the 'only use to which this antiquated weapon was put was in hacking twigs and wood for campfires, for which it is not adapted, and it will probably soon be abolished.'

We come then to 'special service'—our combats against savages. If there is one certainty in war it is this, that no beings armed with the white weapon—be they Zulus, Afghans, Arabs, or demons incarnate—can get within striking distance of, let alone break into, a resolute square armed with breechloaders. As an old dragoon, I make bold to hold that a cavalry charge ridden home can make a fiercer and weightier onslaught than any footmen in the world, yet the bayonet-fringed square with but muzzle-loading muskets remained intact against the most furious cavalry charges. Even a square of Persian infantry—poor creatures as the Persians were—held its own against our Indian cavalry till Malcolmson rode at it as if it had been a fence. I fear there was very little bayonet work done at Isandlana, where the cause of the catastrophe was simply the absence of close formation. At Ulundi no Arabs could have 'meant it' more intensely than did the Zulus, yet not a Zulu got within twenty yards of Lord Chelmsford's close-locked square. Again at El Teb, while the square was maintained, no Arab fell but by the bullet; nor at Tamenieb could the furious fanatics get up to within striking distance of Redvers Buller's firm-gripped square formation from whose faces streamed the deadly hail. The Arabs did not break the square formed by the 2d Brigade at Tamenieb, nor could have broken it, had it been true to the square formation. The charge of the front face—I do not now care to inquire how that charge came about—dislocated the square, and then the gaps thus made gave the Arabs their opportunity. The square, it is true, is not a handy offensive formation, but I have the strongest conviction that savages can always be made to take the initiative with teasing and patience.

It is only if they will not do this that close-quarter fighting can come into requisition, and now I, too, close with 'C. B.' On the one hand, you have the Arab armed with a driving, stabbing spear, with a shaft six feet long. For the sake of the balance, he cannot grasp it at the butt, but the length of his reach, including his aim and thrown forward body, makes up for this. You have the other Arab armed with a cutting sword, short and one-handed, or longer and two-handed. Opposed to either you have Tommy Atkins, with his bayonet, a stabbing weapon with which he can lunge well on to six feet. If he knows how to use his bayonet the swordsmen Arab cannot reach him, that is surely clear enough. In fighting the spearsman, given the two men of equal physical calibre, the bayonet-wielder should have the best of it. Both Arab and Briton are tied to stabbing practice;

neither has a striking weapon while they are at 'out-fighting'; but the bayonet has advantages not possessed by the spear. It has greater strength for the parry; by reason of the weight of the rifle, which is its shaft, it has greater force for the lunge than the spear, which, even when lead-weighted at the butt, can accumulate no such impetus of penetration. It is for these reasons that in the school of arms the skilled footman with the bayonet has the mastery of the smartest mounted lancer; with him the dismounted lancer is simply 'not in it.' But there is no question that, spite of all I have urged, the Arab with his spear has the advantage of the British soldier with his bayonet. Why, then? Simply because in the one case you have a man inured to suppleness by constant exercise, lean and lithe and sinewy, an acrobat in agility, keen of sight, awe-inspiring of aspect, utterly unhampered by vestments. On the other, a man mostly of moderate physique, not in the best of condition, cramped inside a tunic, constricted by belts, weighted with ammunition and appurtenances, and, above all, not a master of his weapon, superior as that weapon is; unused to bayonet play in contradistinction to the formal bayonet exercise, and none too much practised even in this latter. I should like to see the champion Arab of them all stand up spear in hand against such a man as Corporal Macpherson of the Blues armed with the bayonet. Some of your readers may have witnessed the Corporal-major's exploits at the Agricultural Hall Tournaments. As to 'C. B.'s 'trap' argument against the bayonet, that applies to every stabbing weapon, but less to the bayonet than to any other, except the rapier. Its shape renders it more easily extricable than lance or sword, to say nothing of the pulling-out purchase afforded in the greater weight of its shaft—the rifle,

Mr. Ruskin's Bogies.

[W. CLEMENT LEY, in *Nature*.]

PROFESSOR RUSKIN's utterances are perhaps to be taken least seriously when he himself most serious, and probably he was never more in earnest than in his jeremiad on modern clouds, delivered at the London Institution on the 4th and 11th inst. Probably none of the readers of *Nature* have been terrified by the storm cloud of the Nineteenth Century, but should it be otherwise we hasten at once to their relief. Twenty years before the date fixed by Mr. Ruskin for the first appearance of his portentous 'plague-cloud,' the writer of the present article commenced a series of observations on the forms and structures of clouds, followed a few years later by such daily charts of wind and weather as could be constructed from the data, somewhat meagre, that were then accessible. As might be expected, cyclone and anti-cyclone were then as they are now. The dimensions and densities of the cloud layers have not altered, neither has our moral degeneracy nor the increased smoke of our manufacturing towns developed any new form of cloud. Neither (until the phenomenal sunrises and sunsets of the last three months) has Nature, in painting the clouds, employed upon her palette any fresh tints, whatever artists may have done. Further, we have not observed, nor met with any one, except Mr. Ruskin, who has observed, that the wind during the last thirteen years has adopted a 'hissing' instead of a 'wailing' tone, or that the pressure anemometer indicates that the motion of the air has become more tremulous than heretofore.

Admiration ought ungrudgingly to be bestowed on one who has done good service as an art critic and as a contributor to English literature. The sympathy, moreover, which, denied to those who are in advance of their age, is naturally accorded to the archaic type of mind, is enhanced by the attractiveness of a personality whose idealism is as lofty as that of Mr. Ruskin. But we maintain that there is a further sentiment which contributed to the applause which Mr. Ruskin's audiences bestowed upon him. Speaking generally, 'broadly and comfortably,' as he would say, Mr. Ruskin is not a representative man, yet he represents a certain spirit of Philistinism (for it merits this name), which is far from being unpopular, and which shows itself in opposition to scientific culture. He is the spokesman of that mental attitude which misinterprets the province of science and affects to misunderstand the plainest utterances of the physicist. 'The first business,' he says, 'of scientific men to tell you things that happen, as, that if you warm water it will boil.' 'The second and far more important business is to tell you what you had best do under the circumstances—put the kettle on in time for tea.' 'But if beyond this safe and beneficial business they ever try and explain anything to you, you may be confident of one of two things—either that they know nothing (to speak of) about it, or that they have only seen one side of it, and not only have not seen, but usually have no

mind to see, the other. When for instance, Professor Tyndall explains the twisted beds of the Jungfrau to you by intimating that the Matterhorn is growing flat, or the clouds on the lee side of the Matterhorn by the winds rubbing against the windward side of it, you may be pretty sure the scientific people do not know much (to speak of) yet either about the rock beds or the cloud beds. And even if the explanation, so to call it, be sound on one side, windward or lee, you may, as I said, be nearly certain it will not do on the other. Take the very top and centre of scientific interpretation by the greatest of its masters. Newton explained to you—or at least was supposed to have explained—why an apple fell [*sic*], but he never thought of explaining the exactly correlative but infinitely more difficult question how the apple got up there.' One would have supposed that even the lecturer must be aware that modern science is at least as much occupied with the last as with the first of these problems. Mr. Ruskin has not yet done with Professor Tyndall;—in other words, he can nowhere suppress his dislike of scientific thought. 'When I try to find anything firm to depend on, I am stopped by the quite frightful inaccuracy of the scientific people's terms, which is the consequence of their always trying to write Latin-English, and so losing the grace of the one and the sense of the other.' 'I am stopped dead because the scientific people use undulation and vibration as synonyms. "When," said Professor Tyndall, "we are told that the atoms of the sun vibrate at different rates, and produce waves of different sizes, your experience of water waves will enable you to form a tolerably clear notion of what is meant." "Tolerably clear," your toleration must be considerable then. Do you suppose a water wave is like a harp string? Vibration is the movement of the body in a state of tension, undulation that of a body absolutely lax. In vibration not an atom of the body changes its place in relation to another; in undulation not an atom of the body remains in the same place with regard to another. In vibration every particle of the body ignores gravitation or defies it; in undulation every particle of the body is slavishly submitted to it." And more of the same sort. We should not weary the reader with these quotations were it not too true that much of the poetry which Mr. Ruskin adores, and much of the art of which he is the apostle—not a little in short of the poetry and art of our day—are full of this anti-scientific Philistinism, whose ideal is ever in harsh contrast to the real, and which from its antagonism to the facts of Nature is the great producer of bogies. One has only to go through any picture exhibition to see plenty of those clouds which Mr. Ruskin persuades himself occur in Nature, which, 'irrespective of all supervening colors from the sun,' are intrinsically 'white, brown, gray, or black'; 'argent or sable, baptized in white, or hooded in blackness.' We recommend those who sympathize with Mr. Ruskin to study some of those little books which are beginning to be the delight of our children. Such readers may never attain the scientific spirit, yet they may possibly catch a few chords of that great song in which there is complete harmony between the Universe of Nature and that of poetic and artistic sentiment, whose faint beginnings will alone be heard in this plague-stricken century.

Against cloud-classification the stars in their courses have hitherto fought, and Mr. Ruskin in his continues the battle. Grievous are the wounds which he inflicts. Let us see how he heals them. 'Every cloud is primarily definable—"visible vapor of water, floating at a certain height in the air." It is thus distinguished from that "form of watery vapor" which "exists just as widely and generally at the bottom of the air as the clouds do on what for convenience' sake we may call the top of it." Mr. Ruskin hopelessly confuses vapor with water-dust, and this confusion leads him into some amusing difficulties. He asks whether it is 'with cloud vapor as with most other things, that are seen when they are there, and not seen when there are not there, or has cloud vapor so much of the ghost in it that it can be visible or invisible as it likes, and might, perhaps, be all unpleasantly and malignantly there just as much when they did not see it as when they did?' To this he answers 'comfortably and generally' that 'on the whole a cloud is where we see it, and not where we do not see it,' and that we must not allow the scientific people to tell us that rain is everywhere, but palpable in one place, impalpable in another. He presently returns to his point. He has defined a floating or sky cloud, and defined the falling or earth cloud (which by the way had been altogether excluded by his first definition from his category of clouds). 'But there is a sort of thing between the two which needs another sort of definition, namely, mist.' The definition of this intermediate substance, however, Mr. Ruskin does not supply, being content with asking what difference there

is between clear and muddy vapor. This division of clouds has at least the merit of brevity, although it is subsequently complicated by a further division 'into two sorts of clouds, one either stationary or slow in motion, reflecting unresolved light, the other fast-flying and transmitting resolved light.' [Really, clouds at a distance and clouds overhead.] As regards the difference in the nature of these, Mr. Ruskin merely 'hints to us his suspicion that the prismatic cloud is of finely comminuted water or ice, instead of aqueous vapor';—it is difficult to understand what he supposes the former kind of cloud to be composed of.

Current Criticism

MR. FREEMAN AND HIS EARLY WORK :—Mr. Freeman has been a prolific writer, more prolific perhaps than is generally known; for some of his earlier books failed to gain a wide circulation, and have almost passed out of remembrance; while, many as the volumes are which bear his name, they represent only a part of his literary work. Few probably of our readers have ever seen the little book of historical poems which he published long ago conjointly with Sir G. (then Mr.) Cox, or 'The History of Architecture,' published in 1849, or the 'Essay on the Origin of Window Tracery,' which followed shortly after—books full of promise, but belonging to almost boyish days, and instinct with a sentimental ecclesiasticism, long ago cast aside by the advocate of the disendowment of the Irish Church. Mr. Freeman seems to have given the first public evidence of what was in him by publishing a bright little volume on 'The History of the Saracens,' founded on some lectures delivered in Edinburgh in 1855, which still finds many readers. Of all the thirty volumes or more that he has published during about the same number of years, 'The History of the Norman Conquest' is the book on which his fame chiefly rests.—*Saturday Review*.

THE LESSON OF THE JEANNETTE :—'And the world is richer by this gift of suffering.' With these pregnant words Mrs. De Long concludes the narrative of her husband's ill-fated expedition. In the face of that dreary record of seemingly fruitless heroism, of apparent failure, we ask, 'Is this true?' and we believe we may answer, 'Yes.' The record is the record of a leader of men, who entered the service in which he fell with an honorable purpose and a lofty aim; who endured the disappointment of a noble nature with a patience which was the conquest of bitterness. Humanity is the richer for the lives of such men, their failure is worth many another man's success, their efforts have a vitalizing power and quicken other pulses than their own to high endeavor.—*The Spectator*.

WALPOLE'S IGNORANCE :—He who should know the period only from Walpole's Letters would know but a small part of it indeed. What could a man of his temperament, as fastidious as it was acute, know of the great rough, moving world that was around him, or rather, as he would have thought, beneath him? What he did see he saw very clearly; but, after all, he saw but one small part of the whole of English life. He knew next to nothing of the great writers of his age. He was so ignorant of Johnson that he said his life might be written in four lines. He had, it would seem, never heard of his strength or his courage. He called him 'an unfortunate monster, trusting to his helpless deformity for indemnity for any impertinence that his arrogance suggests.' Little did he know of the man who, first buying a great oaken cudgel, wrote to tell Macpherson that he would never be deterred from detecting what he thought a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian. Walpole was so much above everything that was 'low' that he was most thoroughly tired, as he says he knew he should be, with an evening in which Garrick and Goldsmith joined in what must have been an admirable piece of humorous buffoonery. Insensible as he was to the merits of Johnson and Goldsmith, scarcely less insensible was he to those of Sterne, Fielding, and Richardson. His admiration for such a poor writer as Mason was excessive. Still less did he know of the great wave of religious feeling that was spreading over the land in the wake of the Wesleys and Whitfield. Of the vast economic changes that were silently going on, scarcely a trace is to be found in his letters. Admirable though the picture is that he gives, it is but one long-continued view of one part—a brilliant part, no doubt—of English Eighteenth-Century life.—*The Saturday Review*.

MR. HAWES'S EGOTISM :—Mr. Hawes opens his book with Lord Beaconsfield's remark, that 'as a man naturally knows more about himself than about anything else, he seldom fails to be tolerable if his self-centred talk turns out to be unaffected and sincere,' and this no doubt excuses much of the rhapsodical gossip with which 'My Musical Life' is stuffed. But the author's

talk of himself is interspersed with so many remarks of interesting 'others,' it is so full of variety, the keynotes are so often changed, that the volume is light and pleasant reading for others besides amateurs of music. Mr. Haweis writes like a man who is full of his subject, or rather, his subjects, for he has two—music and Mr. Haweis.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

A PROLIFIC POET:—Drayton holds a conspicuous position among the Elizabethan poets. In his lifetime he won high praise from some of his most distinguished contemporaries, and when he died the Muses, after the orthodox fashion, wept tears over his grave. He is the most voluminous of writers, and his works contain, as Mr. Bullen informs us, nearly sixty thousand lines. This amazing fecundity has been unfavorable to his reputation in these latter days. As the world grows older, life grows shorter. The golden leisure of our forefathers is denied to us. We can no longer take 'our ease in our inn,' and cannot well afford to follow a poet who, like Michael Drayton, leads us into a thousand devious ways. Spenser, a far greater writer, suffers from the same cause. He made Cowley 'irrecoverably a poet,' he was the delight of Milton and the inspirer of Keats. Almost every English poet since Spenser's day has confessed his indebtedness to that consummate master of verse, yet, with a few rare exceptions, even those who love him best acknowledge that he has written too much.—*The Spectator*.

Notes

MRS. WM. S. JACKSON (H. H.) has recently completed the first long story she has ever written over her own name. The scene is laid in Southern California, and the heroine gives her name to the book—'Ramona.' The incidents are largely historical, and the peculiar conditions of the early settlement of the country by Americans furnish elements of great pathetic and dramatic interest.

Mr. J. C. Derby has taken a four weeks' vacation from active business to finish his *Recollections*. He expects to have the manuscript ready for the printer by the last of May.

Dodd, Mead & Co. propose to issue immediately an *édition de luxe* of 'The Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys,' from the text of the Rev. Mynor Bright, who made an entirely new translation of Pepys's shorthand notes in 1875. To the notes of Mr. Bright have been added the notes of Braybrook, an earlier editor. The edition will be in ten volumes, limited to 165 sets, fifteen of which will be on Japan paper and 150 on Holland paper. Two volumes will be issued in May and two a month after that, until completed.

The North American Review for May will contain Mr. Edwin P. Whipple's paper on 'Matthew Arnold,' and 'A Zone of Worlds,' by R. A. Proctor.

Miss Maud Howe has written a new novel, called 'The San Rosario Ranch,' which will be published at once by Roberts Bros. Miss Howe has had a pleasant experience of ranch life in California, where there is plenty of material for the novelist.

'Thorns in your Sides,' a novel dealing with the Irish question, is announced by Messrs. Putnam. It is from the pen of Miss Keyser.

Emanuel Geibel, the German poet, is dead at the age of sixty-nine.

Wordsworth's one hundred and fourteenth birth-anniversary was celebrated at Royal Mount and elsewhere in England, on Monday last.

'Germany in Love' ('L'Allemagne Amoureuse') is the title of a new clod of dirt by Tissot, the author of 'Dans le Pays des Millions.' The book, far from celebrating the Marguerites and Dorotheas, the Hermanns and Fausts, is an outburst of Parisian 'lubricity.'

Augustus M. Swift, of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., the author of that bright little story, 'Cupid, M.D.,' died in Rome on the 27th ult.

The March number of *The Journal of Philology* of Johns Hopkins University contains an article by Prof. Nettleship on the 'Noctes Atticæ' of Aulus Gellius—that encyclopædist before encyclopædias were much in vogue; 'The Final Sentence in Greek,' by the accomplished Hellenist, Dr. Gildersleeve; an essay by Dr. Wood on T. L. Beddoes, which would be more interesting if it were less 'scientific'; and an article by J. A. Harrison ('List of Irregular Strong Verbs in Beowulf'). The 'Reports' condensed from German and French periodicals are an invaluable feature of this journal, which is now much quoted abroad as an authority in many fields.

The biography of George Eliot by her husband, Mr. Cross, will be based in the main upon three sets of correspondence, one of which is now appearing in the *Journal des Débats*, of Paris, attended by a critical study by M. Darmesteter. The correspondence consists of 117 letters, and extends from April, 1859, the time of the publication of 'Adam Bede,' to April, 1880, eight months before the author's death.

Mr. Andrew Lang, literary editor of the London *Daily News*, a skillful translator of the classic poets, author of a volume of original verse of excellent quality ('Helen of Troy'), and of some graceful *vers de société*, will act hereafter as editorial representative of *Harper's Monthly* in England.

The *Nuova Antologia* for March 1 contains the usual mass of solid and varied articles. There is a timely essay on the Propaganda and the Italian Government, and the *Bollettino Bibliografico* contains a review of E. Rossi's book on the United States and American competition. To us transatlantic heretics, the alarm of the Italians lest our overwhelming wheat-fields make bread too cheap is really delightful.

Henry Irving's 'Impressions of America' will fill two volumes. They will be narrated in a series of sketches and conversations by Joseph Hatton. The book will be published in May by James R. Osgood & Co.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the concluding volumes of Mr. Froude's biography of Carlyle. In his preface Mr. Froude says a word or two to his critics.

A striking literary feature of the May *Century* will be Julian Hawthorne's paper on 'The Salem of Hawthorne,' in which the scenes of Nathaniel Hawthorne's daily life and of his romances are described. Much new light is thrown on the character of the father and on the relations of his scenes and his people to real places and persons. Harry Fenn has made several pictures for the paper.

Cannot some of our New York millionnaires be induced to present the country with the priceless Castellani collection, now on sale in Rome at only \$600,000? Competent critics pronounce it inestimable; and if scattered it can never be re-collected.

Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.) will write in the May *Century* of 'The Women of the Bee-Hive,' meaning the Mormon women, with whom she feels great sympathy, regarding them as a conscientious and suffering class whose religious position has been misunderstood.

The Independent prints a symposium on 'College Athletics,' containing articles by Bishops Huntington, Potter, Clark and Cox, Presidents Bartlett and Patton, and the Rev. Drs. Howard Crosby, John Hall, Newman Smyth, Theo. L. Cuyler, Geo. H. Hepworth and others.

An Easter design by W. H. Gibson has been published by Prang & Co. It represents 'a flight of butterflies escaping from their chrysalis condition and winging their way upwards to the sunlight.' To reproduce such a design as this, twenty distinct printings, each of faultless accuracy, are necessary.

Rowell's 'American Newspaper Directory,' now in press, will show that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds at present issued in the United States and Canada reach a grand total of 13,402. This is a net gain of precisely 1600 during the last twelve months, and exhibits an increase of 5618 over the total number published just ten years since.

Mr. Myron B. Benton writes to say: 'The sonnet by Hartley Coleridge quoted in THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE of March 15 from an autograph MS. on the fly-leaf of a copy of the first edition of his collected Poems which had once belonged to his sister Sara, is to be found in the second edition (1851), vol. II., p. 51. There is an evident error in the seventh line, however, of the present reprint, where the terminal word should be "Jove" in place of "Love," the latter being repeated from the last word of the previous line, instead of rhyming with it. On the other hand, the autograph rendering relieves this same line of something more than an awkwardness which appears in the text of the Poems, where it reads: "Benign of aspect as those imps of Jove." Hartley Coleridge, with the exquisite sense he had of everything pertaining to poetry, would not thus have twanged the chords. He cannot be supposed to have reverted to the long-obsolete meaning of "imp"—a child,—since imps, "benign of aspect," who bring peace to mortals cannot, nowadays, be soberly conceived. The correct form of this line must be with the word "twins" in place of "imps," according to the copy in THE CRITIC. Of course the reference is to Castor and Pollux, the "twin stars," sons of Jupiter and Leda, and the friends of sailors—portending "to sad sea-wanderers peace."

The Sun announces the early publication in its columns of a number of new stories by Henry James.

A small edition only of Capt. Burton's 'Book of the Sword' (Scribner & Welford) has been printed. It is his life-work. He says in his introduction: 'During the seventies I began, with a light heart, my "Book of the Sword," expecting to print it within a few months. It has occupied me as many years.'

Arsène Housaye is finishing a new volume on Rachel. One wonders whether any one of the innumerable cards dropped at Rachel's grave in Père La Chaise—according to a French anniversary custom—has reached the 'serpent of old Nile.'

J. H. Hurlburt, of Lime Rock, Conn., sends the following note: 'Looking over your valuable paper of April 5, I was much amused at the criticism by S. T. Holbrook, of Norwich, Conn., of Dr. Peabody's "Handbook of Conversation." Quoting the sentence, "The words which you now miscall it will cost you great pains in after life to pronounce aright," he asks: "Who can parse this sentence? Which is the nominative of will cost—words, or it?" The sentence is correct, and any tyro in grammatical construction could have no difficulty in parsing it, though he might not agree with the rhetorical arrangement. The subject of "will cost" is "it," and "words" is the object of "pronounce."'

The literary news by cable this week is varied. The Council of the Society of Authors has formed itself into a legal corporation. It is called the 'Incorporated Society of Authors.' It includes Matthew Arnold, R. D. Blackmore, Wilkie Collins, W. S. Gilbert, Lord Houghton, Professor Huxley, Thomas Hughes, Cardinal Manning, Mrs. Oliphant, George Augustus Sala, Professor Tyndall and Professor Seeley.—Robert Browning's new work is called 'Seriosae—Divers Fancies of Dervish Ferishtat.' It consists of twelve 'Fancies' in blank verse, introduced by a lyrical prologue. There is also a lyrical epilogue.—A series of letters from Garibaldi and other Italian leaders is appearing in the Hamburg papers.—Ouida announces a new novel, entitled 'Princess Napraxine.'—Longmans, Green & Co. have just published two new books of American travel—'Across the Andes,' by Professor Crawford, and 'Ranch Notes in Kansas and Colorado,' by Mr. Reginald Aldridge.—Mr. Justin McCarthy, author of the 'History of Our Own Times,' is writing a history of the four Georges. It will be completed in four volumes, the first of which is already in press.—M. Zola is writing a new novel which deals with socialism. He is visiting the Anzin coal district, where the recent strike occurred, and is studying the habits and *patois* of the miners.—M. Daudet's new work, 'Sappho,' is an unhappy love story.—The memoirs of Mario are to be published shortly by Zanichelli, of Bologna.

The following spring announcements include some not already mentioned in these columns: 'The Prose Writings of William Cullen Bryant,' edited by Parke Godwin; 'Louis Pasteur: his Life and Labors,' by his son-in-law; 'Speeches, Arguments and Miscellaneous Papers,' by David Dudley Field; 'Mental Evolution in Animals,' by George J. Romanes, and 'Electricity,' by J. E. Gordon, D. Appleton & Co. 'Sorghum: its Culture and Manufacture Economically Considered,' by Prof. Peter Collier; 'Camping and Cruising in Florida,' by Dr. James A. Henshall, and 'The Principles and Practice of Common School Education,' by James Currie, Robert Clarke & Co. Dr. George Grove's essays on 'Beethoven's Nine Symphonies,' with illustrations from the scores, Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. The complete works of Thomas Carlyle in twenty crown octavo volumes on parchment-lined drawing paper, to be called the Parchment Edition, and illustrated with original etchings, steel-engravings, etc., and limited to 375 copies; and 'Birds of Haiti and San Domingo,' by Charles B. Cory, Estes & Lauriat. A new edition of Prof. Wm. Mathews's 'Words, their Use and Abuse,' and 'Geological Excursions; or the Rudiments of Geology for Young Learners,' by Prof. Alexander Winchell, S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. 'Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,' by Paul Barron Watson; George Eliot's 'Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book'; 'Manners and Social Customs in America,' a book of etiquette, by Mrs. John Sherwood, Harper & Bros. 'Captains of Industry,' biographical sketches by James Parton, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 'Whirlwinds, Cyclones, and Tornadoes,' by Wm. M. Davis; 'The Military Reconnaissance of Alaska, in 1883,' under command of Lieutenant Schwatka; 'Wild Woods Life,' by Capt. C. A. J. Farrar; 'Beginnings with the Microscope,' by Dr. Walter P. Mantou, and a new and uniform edition of J. T. Trowbridge's novels, Lee & Shepard. 'Leibnitz,' by John Theodore Merz; 'Life and Select Literary Remains of Sam Houston, of Texas,' by Wm. Cary Crane; 'Mémorial and Correspondence of Eliza P. Gurney,' edited by Richard F. Mott, and 'Home and School

Training,' by Mrs. H. E. G. Arey, J. B. Lippincott & Co. 'American Explorations in the Ice Zones,' by Prof. J. E. Nourse, U. S. N.; 'Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes,' by E. E. Brown; 'The Great Composers,' by Hezekiah Butterworth; 'The Traveling Law School and Famous Trials,' by Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, and 'Health and Strength Papers for Girls,' by Dr. Mary J. Safford and Mary E. Allen, D. Lothrop & Co. 'Autobiography of Hector Berlioz'; 'Investigations in Currency and Finance,' by the late W. S. Jevons; 'Selections from Cowper's Letters,' by the Rev. W. Benham, and 'The Boy Emigrants,' a series of letters from Texas, edited by Thomas Hughes, Macmillan & Co. 'Gulliver's Travels,' with introduction and explanatory notes, by Robert Mackenzie, Thomas Nelson & Sons. 'Selections from the Poems of John Henry Newman, D.D.,' A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 'The Making of a Man,' a sequel to 'His Majesty Myself,' by the late Rev. William M. Baker; a new edition of Emerson's 'Life of Margaret Fuller,' and Lord Ronald Gower's 'Reminiscences,' Roberts Bros. A translation of Busch's 'Our Chancellor,' and the 'Life of Frederick Denison Maurice,' by his son, Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 649.—How many of Luther's writings have been preserved?

T. B. M.

No. 650.—On the fly-leaf of the American edition of 'Treasure Island,' by Robert Louis Stevenson, it is stated that the book is 'copyrighted, 1883,' by Messrs. Roberts Bros., Boston. Now as 'Treasure Island' first appeared in England, and as Mr. Stevenson is a Scotchman and not an American citizen, what right have Messrs. Roberts Bros. to copyright the volume?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HENRY D. BROWLOW,

[It is a very common thing to Americanize a foreign book, and thus secure a copyright.]

No. 651.—I should like to know the names of the members of his college class referred to by Dr. Holmes in his poem, 'Our Boys,' with their stations in life.

PEORIA, ILL.

J. A.

No. 652.—The largest number of guns fired in a military salute in this country is twenty-one. How did this particular number come to be adopted?

NEW YORK CITY.

L. B. S.

No. 653.—1. How are the surnames of Rhoda Broughton and Charlotte Yonge pronounced? 2. Who wrote the appended line?

'A cottage-window sparkles forth the last red light of day.'

FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

F. M. S.

[1. Bro-ton and Young.]

ANSWERS.

No. 578.—To T. H. Tibbles, of Bancroft, Neb., and to others interested in ethnological subjects, I may say: (1) That many evidences seem to show that the Indians of this country are lineal descendants of the Hebrews, (2) that evidence can be furnished to the effect that they were, probably, the first human inhabitants of this country—were, indeed, the mound-builders, whom some have been led to suppose lived here before the Indians came; (3) that they originally used the Hebrew language; and (4) that the reason some Indian words resemble words used among the Arabs is, probably, that the Arabs are descendants of Ishmael, Abraham's son, who probably used the Hebrew language, used by his father and other Hebrews.

BEREA, Ohio.

SHERLOCK S. GREGORY.

No. 647.—The Harvard Memorial Biographies are for sale at the library of Harvard College. Price, \$3.

THE EDUCATION OF THE MASSES is of the first importance to society; but how often do children have to grow up in ignorance because the death of the father leaves the mother unable to do more than provide food for them! A very few dollars a year will provide money enough to give all the children a good education in such a case, if the money is used to buy Life Policies in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn.

Those who suffer from sleeplessness, nervous prostration, debility, worry or excessive mental toil, can be almost immediately relieved by taking the special nerve-food VITALIZED PHOSPHITES. It aids wonderfully in the bodily and mental growth of children. For years it has been used by all the best physicians for the cure of nervous and mental disorders. By druggists or mail, \$1. Formula on every label.

F. CROSBY CO., 666 6th Avenue, New York.

IMPORTANT.—When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.